

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. III.

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No. 17.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

### The Magic Dollar.

A TALE OF ALSACE.

(Concluded.)

In the first place he provided himself with two pieces of consecrated wax taper; these he purchased for a few sous from the chorister of a neighboring church, who had made a small mistake, and thrust them into his own pocket when he was cleaning the plate belonging to the altar, instead of replacing them in the sacred candlesticks, and with the sous he obtained from Mr. Philip Ambrose Netteterville he purchased himself a very pleasant regale of fruit. In the next place the usurer got a handsome book of the Evening Prayer, on which he set a large glass of brandy;—and lighting the consecrated tapers as the first shades of evening came on, he awaited the event with alternate sensations of hope and fear, continuing incessantly in prayer to all the saints of heaven for protection.

At length the hour of midnight arrived; and immediately commenced the same clank of chains, the same howlings and groanings as on the preceding night, but without the tramping of horses. The usurer listened; he rose to open the door, but stood trembling and hesitating for some minutes, when suddenly the noises ceased—a light foot tripping past the door was distinctly heard, and something was rolled along the passage which sounded exceedingly like the roll of a dollar. Such a sound made him erect his ears earnestly:—Was it possible that this was the very dollar, the object of his ardent longing; and might not these be indeed good spirits sent for the sole purpose of blessing him and crowning his wishes? Still the tripping continued, and the dollar rolled on:—but still the usurer hesitated till the clock struck one, and all was quiet.

He was now angry with himself, and mortified that he had suffered such a golden opportunity to slip: he consequently resolved the next night to banish every fear, and on the first sound of the spirits to venture forth from his lurking-place, and endeavor to enter into a negotiation with them. Midnight arrived—The howlings and groanings were no longer heard; only the light step of the spirit in the passage,—not as before, rolling the dollar up

and down, but it was thrown three or four times against the chamber-door, while the delighted Philip thought he heard the spirit at the same time fetch a deep sigh.—This was a hint not to be mistaken; there was now no doubt but that the purpose of the visit was to put him in possession of the much-wished-for prize.

Fortified with this assurance he took up one of the consecrated tapers, when advancing to the door he unlocked the weighty padlock, and pronouncing a solemn incantation—such as is proper to intimidate an evil spirit and encourage a good one—threw the door wide open. A figure now presented itself before him standing leaning with its back against the wall of the passage, directly opposite the chamber-door, at which the usurer gazed attentively when soon he recognised the exact figure and features of the deceased Madame Barbara Alicia Kreutzer. He started back at first;—the full moon shone directly upon her ghastly formless form, and displayed with their most horrible effect her falcon-beaked nose, her curved chin, and the antique dirty ragged garment in which she was always attired. Over it was now partially thrown the winding-sheet which wrapped her round in her coffin, left, however, sufficiently open to show the tattered robe beneath:—a more horrible spectacle could hardly be imagined.

Netteterville at his first recognition of the terrific vision started back with horror, but soon recovered his spirits, assured that he had now gone too far to recede, that he must go on and brave the worst:—indeed his terror was soon changed to transport, when he saw evidently in the hand of the ghost something bright and shining, having the exact form and appearance of a dollar, and which he could not doubt was the object of his wishes. "Speak," he said, addressing the vision, "say what is it disturbs you, spirit of the departed owner of this castle?"

"This!" resounded a hoarse and hollow voice, while a hand held the dollar up to view.

"Your Magic Dollar, perhaps,—and you wish to be released from it?"

"I do."

"Give it then to me—place it upon the ledge of the window by you, and I will take it."

The ghost shook its head.

"I understand:—you certainly cannot be expected to give it for nothing. What is it you would require of me?—Shall I have twenty masses said for the repose of your soul?"

The ghost shook its head more eagerly than before.

"Do you mean that this were an idle and useless expense?—Well then, the money shall be saved, and I will myself pray for you every morning and evening."

The ghost shook its head still more violently, and stamped with its feet.

"Well then, only say what you desire."

"The strong chest with the three curious locks in which your money is kept."

"Ah, dear ghost! blessed ghost! do not ask that!—It is an inheritance in my family, and I have sworn never to part with it. Ask any thing else, be sure of my compliance."

"Then I demand your soul!"

The usurer started. "My soul—Hence, away, horrible phantom—My soul!—never!—never!"

"As you please," said the ghost, turning away; "but be sure you will repent it."

"Stay, stay!" cried the usurer; "Cannot we arrange the matter in some other way?—I would fain come to a bargain."

"Haste then—I scent the morning air—it will soon be one o'clock, and I must be gone. I have only one more proposal to make."

"Oh name it!"

"Give me your daughter."

"My daughter!—Oh Heavens, for what purpose?"

"To carry her away with me."

"But whither?"

"That is not your concern."

"Cruel, cruel vision!—For all else I was prepared—Ask any thing that is possible—money, money—ask even a thousand dollars, they are yours—; I will pinch and scrape for the rest of my life to replace them—But my daughter!—a father give up his child!"

"Fool!—miser!—miserable usurer!—If I were not more easy to be dealt with, more reasonable than yourself, we should never come to a bargain. Now hear my last word, Give your daughter in marriage to Minehold the Advocate, and the dollar is yours;—hesitate but one moment, it is lost for ever."

"Must I then one way or other part with my daughter?—better to the Advocate than to thee. Give me the dollar then—she is his.—But, understand, I cannot give her any fortune"

"Has he ever required any?"

"I own he has not, and if..."

"No ifs, no reserves."

"Well then, Minehold shall have Philippina,—And now give down the dollar."

"Idiot! canst thou think thy word is to be trusted?—Go—let thy daughter be solemnly betrothed to morrow; at night the Dollar is yours, and I depart to my eternal rest."

"But how am I to be sure thy word will be kept?"

"Dost thou suppose ghosts have as little faith as mankind?—Know then we cannot

break our words if we would. Perform thy part, be sure I shall not fail in mine."

"Be it so: to-morrow Philippina is no longer mine, but Minehold's—But then the Magic Dollar!..."

"Is wholly, solely yours.—Adieu—adieu!"

—At this instant the clock struck one; a violent puff from the ghost blew out the consecrated taper, and the vision was seen no more.

Netterville, half dead, rushed hastily back into his chamber, and by the light of the remaining unextinguished taper, locked himself fast in, looking anxiously around, as if fearful that some half dozen ghosts or evil spirits were still in pursuit of him. The agitation of his mind between his reluctance to comply with the engagement he had made, and give his daughter to Minehold, and his fear that if he failed in it the Dollar was lost for ever, prevented his closing his eyes the whole night. At the dawn of day he quitted the castellated ruins; and hastening to his own habitation, awoke his daughter and the maid by the storm of passion into which he fell. After this effusion, becoming a little more composed, "Be merry, be merry, children" he exclaimed in a tone which had much more in it of anger and sorrow than of mirth: "Be merry,—for this day shall Philippina be betrothed"

At the sound of the dreadful word *betrothed*, the poor girl turned pale with terror, not doubting that it was to some miserable rich poor man like himself whom her father had selected for a son-in-law.—"Betrothed!" she said with a trembling faltering accent, "And to whom, my father?"

"To whom?" he replied—"to the beggar Minehold, to be sure; I see plainly that you will never be easy without him:—'tis a dreadful plague to be a father; but, since there is no help for it, so let it be, and the sooner the dirty job is got over the better. Send for him then instantly, that I may finish the business, and not have my mind, harrassed with it any longer."

Philippina was for some moments dumb with astonishment, it might be said also with terror. That her father should thus have relented in a moment, but from some horrible cause, to her unfathomable, seemed to her agitated mind wholly out of the question; and she scarcely knew which way to look or what to answer. "Send for him instantly," repeated the stern father, "lest delay should change my purpose."

The affrighted maiden obeyed the mandate, scarcely knowing whether she ought to meet the approaching solemnity as one of the happiest or most dreadful moments of her existence.

Minehold flew upon the wings of love to obey the delightful summons. Netterville required him solemnly to renounce all claims on Philippina's maternal inheritance, on dow-



ry, or contribution towards their present maintenance and establishment in the world. To this he readily agreed; saying also, that to save expense he would not require any entertainments to be given at the wedding. The old man, delighted, clasped him in his arms, calling him his prudent economical son-in-law, and declared his decided opinion, that since he could entertain sentiments like these, he would one day become a rich man. A paper was immediately drawn up, stating these conditions, which was signed and sealed by both parties; and Philippina's hand was placed in Minehold's, accompanied by the paternal blessing and prayers for the happiness of the young couple. The father then left them to pour out the effusions of their hearts to each other in private, and returned to his chamber of delights and terrors, waiting the coming night with the utmost impatience.

The midnight clock was heard; the consecrated tapers were lighted, and the usurer listened with the utmost attention to catch the much-wished-for sounds. But alas! no sound was to be heard; all continued still and quiet. A quarter past twelve struck, then half past,—still not a sound was to be heard, so much as the tramping of a mouse. Cruel suspicions were now awakened in his breast; he thought some scurvy trick had been played him; and in the extremity of his rage, he cursed the ghost, the newly-betrothed couple, and, above all, he cursed his own folly in suffering himself to be thus duped;—when at length, as the hour of one approached, he distinctly heard a gentle tap at the chamber door. Transported he seized one of the candles and hastened into the passage, when he saw Madame Barbara Alicia's form standing before him. She was nearly in her former costume; only that she had now a riding-hat upon her head, gloves on her hands, and the flowing train of her winding-sheet was tucked up. "Mortal," she said, "I know that thou hast been faithful to thy word—thou shalt find me no less true to mine. Behold me equipped for my last journey, henceforward my spirit is at rest, I visit this earth no more. Thou hast sighed to possess the treasure by which I was so long and so steadily enriched; thou art the only earthly being worthy to possess it—Take it then, and farewell."

As the vision pronounced these last words she pressed into the hand of the overjoyed Netterville, who thought his every wish now consummated, a something which he immediately felt scorch it so violently that he stamped with agony, and letting fall both candle and dollar roared till he might have been heard from one end of the town to the other; while the author of his calamity, the ghost, had vanished, and was seen no more. The usurer, groaning between the smart of the burn and the anguish of his mind,—since he was now firmly persuaded that some diabolical trick had been played him,—threw himself upon his bed,

though to rest was impossible. He cursed alike the inhabitants both of this visible corporeal world and of the immaterial spiritual one, and vowed that the very next morning he would draw up a statement of his wrongs to lay before the chief magistrate of the town, demanding that the contract between his daughter and her advocate should be annulled.

Thus he lay till morning's dawn; when he was hastily quitting the chamber, vowing that the ruins should not stand another day the monument of his shame and misfortune: But behold, on opening the door, at his feet lay the dollar the source of his present anguish,—the source, as he hoped, of his future joy. Still, however, smarting with the burn, he was afraid at once to take it up; he spit upon it to try whether it would hiss; and finding all quiet, ventured to handle and examine it. He found it engraven all over with characters he did not understand: he was therefore satisfied that they were magical ones, and that he actually held the desired treasure in his hand. He put it carefully in his pocket, and pursued his way home with a heart full of content, and a countenance expressive of such gaiety and cheerfulness as the tender Philippina had never before witnessed.

A fomentation of white lilies and oil soon healed the burn, and the Dollar was carefully deposited in a morocco case which he had made on purpose for it; it was then locked up safe in his chest, while his heart being now expanded beyond what could have been conceived possible, he ordered a handsome entertainment to be prepared for his daughter's marriage, which was completed in a week after.

The Dollar was now regularly visited every day to see how much it had produced; but the store in the iron chest was never found augmented by so much as a ducat, and its wonder-working quality came of course into question. However, since on balancing his accounts at the end of every month, Mr. Philip Ambrose Netterville always found that they were on the gaining side, he satisfied himself that this was owing to the secret influence of his magic coin, though operating imperceptibly to him; and it resumed all its credit in his imagination. Never did the belief in it quit him to his dying-day nor could he ever sufficiently felicitate himself upon the address he had shown in getting it into his possession.

For the advocate and his beloved wife, they had no less reason to bless the fancy which had, as things turned out, effected the completion of their happiness; nor was the affectionate Philippina ever in want of the necessaries of life, or a competent share of the luxuries usually attached to her situation, although her covetous father adhered rigidly to the assurances given on her marriage—that no assistance towards the maintenance of herself and her husband was to be expected from him. Nay, though every year, nearly, brought an addition

to her family, it was still the same,—no grandchild could ever say that it had received the most trifling present from grandpapa.

The Magic Dollar could not, however, save its possessor from the hands of death, though it might contribute to the happiness of his life. After six years possession, he was gathered to his father's, and the treasure devolved to his daughter. On his death-bed he summoned her into his presence and now for the first time revealed to any one the whole history and mystery of this sacred relic. Philippina listened with astonishment blended with compassion, for she had no doubt that the whole story was a flight of imagination from a mind delirious at the approach of its last hour. She had no sooner, however, seen her father's eyes closed, than she imparted to her husband what she had heard, adding some sensible though perhaps not very novel remarks upon the extraordinary wanderings into which the fancy would often run under such circumstances.

How much was she surprised to learn that this was no wandering of the fancy; to receive from her husband the full and free confession of the imposition which he had suffered to be practised on her father, in order to obtain her hand! He told her of the conversation that had passed between her father and the heirs of Madame Kreutzer upon the subject of the dollar, and then proceeded thus:—"When I found that the ruling passion of his mind had obtained so strong an ascendancy over him, as in any sort to permit the idea of the Magic Dollar to occupy it, I thought there could be no great harm done to anyone, in turning it to my own advantage, so far as to obtain possession of your hand; resolved that my attempts should be confined to that alone that not even the most trifling demand should be made upon his fortune. I in consequence imparted my views to the officer who had been quartered in the house while Madame Kreutzer was alive, and who was an old friend of mine. He was a gay, lively, volatile young spark, who loved fun to his heart, and he told me to leave the whole matter to his management, and he would ensure me complete success.

"You know, my beloved Philippina, from the story told you by your father, the whole process of the imposition. Suffice it then to say, that the officer from knowing the house could the better carry on his project, and he engaged his companions, the two soldiers and the drummer, who had been quartered there with him, as assistants in it. A mask was prepared exactly to resemble the deceased Madame Kreutzer, and any rag-shop could furnish garments such as she constantly wore. The attendants carried with them the chains of the military baggage waggon, which one of them rattled while the others imitated the tramping of horses; and this could be done very effectually by means of their boots, which had iron rims round the soles."

Such was the history now detailed to Philippina. She was disposed for the first time in her life to feel a little angry with her Minehold, and turning towards him with the intention of giving him an angry look; but he prevented it by clasping her in his arms, impressing an affectionate kiss on her lips, which dispersed the gathering storm, and all was in a moment forgiven and forgotten.

FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

### Marriage.

"Marriage," said my friend Bob, with a sneer upon his lip which would have done honor to his Satanic Majesty himself—"marriage?—It is the trap for fools, and I'll none of it. Marry indeed. I would as soon learn of the cataract of Niagara to catch the rainbow beneath! I'm for single independence, and hold that man little better than a simpleton who has not the sense to despise the snares of false, false woman!"

"Why, Bob," exclaimed I, "are you resolved never to marry?"

"Yes, that I am. I don't mean to have my stairs strewn with old stockings and cast off caps. I won't be tormented with parrots, cats, and band-boxes, nor allow myself to be disturbed by bad servants and squalling children—not I. Let the women flirt about to entrap unwary young men; let them squeeze their curls, work their lace, parade their feathers, and flounce their frocks: they 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.' It may do for common men, but not for me."

"Well, good-bye, Bob," said I. He muttered "good-bye," and we parted.

It was not long afterwards that, as I was sauntering down an unfrequented street, I met my friend, stepping over every impediment with a nice caution, which astonished me. I was accustomed to consider him as a wild, reckless fellow, who paid no more regard to the whole world than the whole world paid to him. I had never discovered the slightest degree of foppishness in his character, but censured him for an unseemly carelessness in his dress. He would keep an old hat merely because it was old, and he never laid aside his coat till the elbows were in a particular situation. His boots had always appeared studiously unclean, and he really delighted to wear his cravat awry. But Bob was now an altered man. He was arrayed in a costly suit, which silently spoke the tailor's praise; and one of Young's admired hats sat triumphantly upon his head, with a gentle and scarcely-to-be-perceived inclination over the left eye. His white cravat, exactly folded about his neck, was curiously twisted into a knot of mathematical precision; and a brilliant red breast-pin, in the shape of a human heart, shone sparkling upon plaited ruffles, most exquisitely clean. Silk stockings and morocco pumps gave grace to



his handsome feet, and he shook rich fragrance from a kerchief white as the driven snow. I was amazed, and hailed him, with looks and gestures expressive of astonishment.

"Why, Bob!"—He feigned not to hear me, and was quickening his pace; but I did not intend he should so easily escape.

"Why, Bob!" I repeated—"in the name of all that's wonderful, where are you going, and what are you about to do?"

With a blush, which his well-applied handkerchief could not wholly conceal, he replied.

"Oh! only walking for air and exercise—that's all."

"Oh! that's all, is it? I wonder you don't choose a busier scene for your rambles: you certainly need not be ashamed of your dress."

Bob blushed rosy red again, and stammered forth a joke.

"Yes, I have turned dandy, just to humour the world, and"—

"And what?" inquired I.

He hesitated a moment, and bit his lips: but, suddenly assuming his natural frankness of demeanour, addressed me as follows:

"Why, my dear fellow, I believe there is no use of concealing it from you any longer: so I might as well confess at once."

"Confess—what?"

"Why that I am g-g-g-going"—

"Why, what is the matter—Going where?"

"To be"—with increasing confusion.

"To be—what?"

"M-m-m-married!"

Alas! poor Bob!—He cast his eyes bashfully upon the ground. The glow yet lingered on his cheek, and he did look so tender and sentimental, so full of sensibility and love, that I laughed till he was compelled to join in chorus—and we had a hearty roar together. At length our mirth became less tumultuous in its expression, and allowed us breath to renew the conversation.

"What!" exclaimed I—"you have actually been *ensnared* by false, false woman!"

"Yes but"—

"And what will you do with the cats and band boxes?"—

"Oh! be still!"

"With the old stockings, and cast-off caps?"

"Oh! nonsense!"

"Bad servants"—

"Now, my dear fellow"—

"And squalling children?"—

"As you are brave, be merciful!"—

And, with a good-natured laugh at the fickleness of human nature, I left him to steer in peace towards the polar star of his existence.

I saw him, a few days afterwards, with a sweet girl hanging affectionately on his arm, and evidently making friend Bob a very enviable person. I actually experienced towards him a feeling of uncommon respect, and touched my hat with more reverence than I had ever done before.

Thus it is, Mr. Editor, with bewitching woman. We revile her, we scorn her power, we rail at her charms; yet she has the private key to the most secret recesses of our hearts; and when she once chooses to enter, Gregory Grant, with his most winning address, might attempt to turn her out in vain.—There is about her an enchantment which defies all calculation; which makes resistance absurd, defeat delightful, and victory impossible—which captivates the strongest understanding, and charms away the stoicism of the hardest heart. When we take such a being to share with us the wild varieties of life, we enjoy one of the greatest blessings Heaven has bestowed. Nature and Nature's God smile upon the union that is sweetened by love, and sanctified by law.—The sphere of our affection is enlarged, and our pleasures take a wider range.—We become more important and respected among men, and existence itself is doubly enjoyed with this, our softer self. Misfortune loses half its anguish beneath the soothing influence of her smile, and triumphs become more triumphant when shared with her. Without her, what is man? A roving and a restless being—driven at pleasure by romantic speculations, and cheated into misery by futile hopes—the mad victim of untamed passions, and the disappointed pursuer of fruitless joys. But with her he awakens to a new life. He follows a path wider and nobler than the narrow road to self aggrandizement—that is scattered with more fragrant flowers, and illumined by a clearer light. Don't you think so, Mr. Morris?

Who reigns the enchantress of the domestic circle, and bids numberless pleasures spring up before us at every step? Who spreads over home the attractions of which no other place can boast, and renders it the ark in our ocean of life, on which alone the weary spirit rests? Who, but woman? Let hollow hearted politicians turn from her sway, to crawl into some office, where they may "be damned to everlasting fame"—mad warriors trample over the dying or the dead, for that cheating, unsubstantial nothing, which men call glory! It is the unalterable decree of Providence that man's happiness cannot be complete if he labours for himself alone—He passes through life as a shadow—unconnected with the future world, and with scarcely a tie which binds him to the present. Without value he glides among the busy crowd, and "sleeps the long sleep of death" without regret. The cold earth receives his unregarded form—his grave excites no grief, but, perchance, "the tear forgot as soon as shed," and his name is no more breathed from the lips of men.

A young man, walking alone, was questioned by the philosopher Crates, what occupied him? He replied, "I am speaking with myself."—"Take care," said Crates, "that you do not talk with a bad man."

## THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee  
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

### Letters to a Friend.

NO. V.

Buffalo, May 20, 1826.

MY DEAR W.—This morning, in company with a friend, whom I accidentally met, I left Buffalo, and proceeded to Black Rock, with a view of visiting Fort Erie, on the Canada shore. As Black Rock is a village which has made considerable "noise in the world" on account of its pier, &c. we walked up and down its principal street, (and indeed, we saw but one worthy of notice) and gave a passing glance towards its various buildings; among which we observed none of note, excepting the dwelling of Gen. Porter, which is an elegant building, and has a beautiful situation, having a commanding view of the lake, the Canadian shore, and the surrounding country. The village contains about 1,100 inhabitants.

Taking a ferryboat we were soon landed on the Canadian shore, at a place called Waterloo, which consists of about 4 or 6 houses. The ferry at this part of the river is three-fourths of a mile wide. A short walk brought us to the Fort. It is situated on an elevated plain of about 30 feet above the surface of the lake.

This Fort was taken by the Americans soon after the commencement of the last war, and continued in their possession till a few months before the restoration of peace, when they evacuated it, having previously burned and destroyed every thing that could be of use to the enemy. At and near this spot several battles took place, in all of which the Americans were victorious. I shall only give a brief notice of one engagement:—About midnight, on the 14th of August, 1814, the British made an attack upon the fort, with a determination to gain possession of it. The onset was violent and the contest severe; and the enemy, after being three times driven from the parapet, which they had gained, made a desperate rush, and planted themselves on the large bastion above the magazine. While they were beginning to exult in their success the magazine took fire, and a horrible explosion took place, which at once ended the battle and destroyed all who were near. The fort was left in the state of ruins in which we saw it.

We were shown the graves of many of the officers and soldiers who fell at this spot. They are not marked by any stone or even wooden monument, and it was with great difficulty that we could designate them from the rises of mould which are observable all over the "battle ground." While standing over these neglected mounds I penned the following lines:—

The breeze, as it wafts from the billows of Erie,  
Seems to chaunt a wild song to the slumbering brave,  
And, while passing along o'er the "battle ground"  
dreary,

Seems to pause, for a while, on the warrior's grave;  
And a slow-moving dirge  
Seems to come from the surge  
And to pause, for a while, on the warrior's grave.

It appears, as I gaze on the ruins forsaken  
Of the fort, which once frown'd on the blue-rolling  
deep,

That each stone, as it falls to the ground, must awaken  
A tear for those forms which in quietness sleep:  
And the wild-waving thorn,  
At the twilight of morn,  
Seems to bow o'er the forms which in quietness sleep.

No stone marks the spot where they peacefully slumber,  
And no willow nor yew shades the mound where they  
lie;

And no flow'rets nor blooms do their hillocks encumber  
To attract a vain glance from the traveller's eye:  
Tho' their glory is known,  
Yet we see not a stone

To attract a vain glance from the traveller's eye.

After having paid all due attention to the fort and battle ground, we rambled for some time in the adjacent woods, which bore evident marks of war. One of our company,

And a lucky wight was he,

found a cannon ball (an 18 pounder) nearly buried in the earth, which was immediately put on board a boat for Buffalo, whence he intends sending it about 200 miles into the interior of the state. Another, cut out a large piece of a bomb from a tree, which was broken into pieces, and we each took a part. We saw a number of cannon which had been broken and thrown into the entrenchments, some of the largest size.

After our curiosity was fully satisfied, we commenced retracing our way to Buffalo, where we arrived about dusk; and although the day had afforded much to instruct and please, it had also had such an effect upon our bodies that we hailed with pleasure the "bell which summoned us to supper." Adieu,

HENRY.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

As a subscriber and patron of your interesting paper, I venture to address you, for the purpose of obtaining a place in your next number, for the following resolutions, (which, by the by, are very laudable ones) which were passed at a meeting of young ladies and gentleman on New-Year's evening.

Your paper is "Prompt to improve," and, Mr. Editor, could it not improve us, and many others, were they to abide by the rules, which are to govern us the ensuing year, and by publishing them you can invite, all those who are in the wrong way, to take to heart the resolu-



tions which I offer. *We ladies know that your paper really does*

"Blend instruction with delight,"

and I know it would *delight* many of us to see our praise-worthy resolutions in print. A Secretary was appointed who reported the resolutions as follows, viz :

At a meeting of young ladies and gentlemen held at the house of ———, on Monday evening Jan. 1st, 1827, the following resolutions were unanimously passed, which are respectfully offered to the notice, and particular attention of the community at large—

*Resolved*, That the members of this meeting, each and severally banish the following vices, and improprieties from our conduct, words and actions, viz :

*Ridicule, Affectation, Negligence, Slander, Lying, Deceit, False-accusation, Hastiness, Quarrelling, Tatling and Eves-dropping.*

*Resolved*, That we avoid the following breaches of politeness, viz :

*Disrespect, Mysterious conversation in company, Loud laughing, Staring, &c.*

There were several others, but as they were local and personal, they were deemed exceptionable, therefore I do not present them. The following was the last one.

*Resolved*, That these laws shall be impressed upon our mind, and that we will use our best endeavours to keep them, and by so doing, we may, as we grow older, grow wiser, and better ; and that these precepts may

"Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength."

is our earnest and most sanguine wish "

ZELICA & Co.

Hudson, January 12th, 1827.

An Irishman went to one of our English tailors, and asked how much cloth was necessary for a suit of clothes. He replied twelve yards. Astonished at the quantity, he went to another, who said seven would be quite sufficient. Not thinking of the exorbitancy of even this demand, all his rage was against the first tailor ; so at him he went. "How did you dare, Sir, ask me twelve yards of cloth," said he, "to make me what your neighbour says he can do for seven." "Really, sir," replied the man "my neighbour can easily do it; he has but three to clothe, and I have six.

### A Fragment.

Could we draw back the covering of the tomb—could we see what those are now, who were once mortal—Oh ! how would it surprise and grieve us to behold the prodigious transformation that has taken place on every individual—grieve us to see the dishonor done to our nature in general, within these subterraneous lodgements—here the sweet and winning aspect, that wore perpetually an attracting smile, grins horribly—naked ghastly grin !—

The eye that outshone the diamond's lustre, and glanced its lovely lightning into the most guarded heart—alas ! where is it ? How are all those radiant glories totally eclipsed ? That tongue that once commanded all the charms of harmony, and all the powers of eloquence, in this strange land hath forgot its cunning.—Where are the strains of melody which ravished our ears ? Where the flow of persuasion which carried captive our judgments ? The great master of language and of song is become silent as the night which surrounds him.

A countryman driving a team, all the horses in which were like Pharaoh's lean kine, except the leading one ; was asked by a portly attorney whom he met, why the *fore-horse* was so fat and all the rest so lean ? "Because, squire," says he, "*fore-horse* is the lawyer, and the others are his clients."

### SUMMARY.

The popular Tales of "Oliver Oakwood," published in the Trenton Emporium for the last five years, are soon to be published in a volume.

*A puzzle for shoe makers*—Mr. Mackay, of No. 6 Hurst-street, has favored us with a paper pattern, explaining how the upper leather, quarter strap, and lining of a shoe, may be constructed all in one piece, without a single seam.—*London Paper.*

Sir Walter Scott has received from Longman & Co. 11,000 guineas for the copy right of the life of Napoleon.

Messrs. Carey & Lea have just published, in one octavo volume, "A connected view of the whole Internal Navigation of the United states natural and artificial present and prospective." The work is enriched by ten maps, showing the various canals, routes, improvements, &c. in each state, and on a map of the United states are laid down their relations to each other. They also, announce that they have in the press the "Life of Napoleon," and the novel of the "Chronicles of Canongate," by the Author of Waverly. The scene of the novel is laid in Ireland.

Oliver Wiswall, Esq. was elected Mayor of this city on Tuesday the 2d inst. vice Thomas Bay, Esq. resigned.

### MARRIED,

In Millville, on Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Sickles of Kinderhook, Mr. John Watson to Miss Fanny Thomas.

In the town of Livingston, Columbia county, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Welch, Mr. William McKinsty, to Miss Eliza Gavet.

On the evening of the 4th inst. by the Rev. Joel Osborn, Mr. Ezra Parke, merchant, to Miss Eliza Ann McKinsty, both of Spencertown village.

At Stuyvesant, on Tuesday the 2d instant, by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. William Cady, to Miss Jane Buckland, all of the above place.

At Claverack on the 31st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Walter Hurd, of Columbiaville to Miss Maria Melious, of Claverack.

At Seneca Fall, (Seneca Co.) Mr. Center Giddings, to Miss Julia daughter of Mr. Marks Barker, formerly of this city.

At the same place on the 21st ult. Mr. John Keyes, of Penfield, to Miss Deborah daughter of Mr. Marks, Barker, formerly of this city.

### DIED,

At the alms house in this city, on the 9th inst. Martin E. Whipple, aged 40, formerly of Rhode-Island.



## POETRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

Prince William, only son of Henry the First, on his passage from Barfleur to England, was unfortunately drowned: which gave Henry such deep affliction, that according to some historians, he was never after seen to smile.

Fearfully, heav'd the rolling flood,  
The gallant ship went down;  
And with it one of royal blood—  
The heir to England's crown.  
Then what were sceptre, throne and state  
To England's wretched king?  
Although surrounded by the great,  
None saw him smile again.

No, never more was seen a smile,  
Upon his lips to play;  
That look of woe, could none beguile  
From his sad brow away:  
No ray of joy e'er beam'd again,  
From out his tearful eye;  
He heeded not, the minstrel's strain,  
Nor voice of revelry.

For him he yearn'd, beneath the flood,  
When maidens gay and fair,  
And noble knights, around him stood;  
And high-born youths were there:  
Then would he turn him from the sight  
Of those around his throne;  
And weep to think, that one so bright—  
So beautiful was gone.

Roll on, roll on! ye bill'wy waves,  
Death's work, ye oft have done;—  
Thousands as dear, have found like graves,  
With Henry's heir and son.  
Ye take of all, the rich and poor—  
The prince and lowly one;—  
They fall alike beneath your pow'r—  
Then roll ye proudly on! EDITH.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### A HYMN.

When wandering in a lonely, thirsty land,  
The pilgrim sees and loves the cooling stream;  
In the dread desert 'mid the scorching sand,  
It will to him a home of pleasure seem.  
But ah! how soon the cheering stream has fled,  
On morning beams his hopes afar have flown;  
He des'late is, as if no ray could shed  
A beam to guide him to his Saviour's throne.  
Ah! mortals err, when they too fondly prize  
Their comforts earthly, and their loss deplore;  
How deeply then is often heard their sighs  
O'er prospects which shall cheer their souls no more.  
Yet there remains the fount of bliss above,  
There should our thoughts with holy rapture fly;  
And ere each stream has gone which here we love,  
Seek blessings in his love who dwells on high.  
Then should our joys wane oft as yonder moon,  
Our hopes like her be veil'd in clouds obscure;  
Yet in our soul will dwell celestial noon  
In radiant glory full, and sweet, and pure.

Then as we pass the desert waste of time,  
Let us not mourn a beauteous stream has dried;  
But seek an interest in that heavenly clime,  
Where from the fount perennial pleasures glide.  
JULIA.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY DECEMBER.

Bleak Winter's gloomy pioneer,  
Thou harbinger of woes to come,  
Thou hast commenced thy dread career—  
O'er the sad earth thy whirlwinds roam:  
Thou art the despot of the year,  
The tyrant of the fleeting clan,  
For all within thy breath is sear,  
E'en Nature's fairest darling—man.

Thou, like the great destroyer, Time,  
Lay'st prostrate all beneath thy tread,  
And in the dawning of thy prime,  
Thy desolating hand is spread,  
Above the fields of waving green,  
Which lately bloom'd in verdant Spring,  
And o'er the gaudy woodland sheen  
Where lasting verdure seem'd to cling.

Where sleeps the lover's soften'd flute  
Which late was sounding on the wave?—  
His sorrow-soothing pipe is mute;  
It rests within the minstrel's grave:  
For what avails its music now  
Since dull December's rugged arm  
Rests on Earth's solitary brow  
And desolates each glowing charm.

Yet there's a hope, which softens grief  
And stills the bosom's heaving sigh,  
That thy lone empire, dark as brief,  
Will soon have pass'd our dwellings by;—  
And when the swift and rolling year  
Has ended with thy reign of dread,  
Many will drop the gushing tear  
Not that thy day, but time hath fled. R.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Gout.

PUZZLE II.—Eclipse.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

My *first* is grac'd by Bishops, Lords and Kings,  
My *second* stems the torrent of the main,  
My *whole* develops love's endearing things;  
Must end in marriage or in secret pain.

II.

A Beast, whose approach, fills all others with terror;  
An object that's worshipp'd thro' blindness and error;  
A Bird that for grandeur in swimming is known,  
A Beast that diversion affords to a town.  
A Bird that by nature is solid and grave,  
And a God that presides o'er the watery wave.  
If your learning can shew, or your genius divine,  
The object implied in each metrical line,  
From the letters initial, will plainly be shown,  
The name of a City in Europe well known.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

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